

POETRY

AT THE SECRET GARDEN GALLERY

the transatlantic session
featuring our guest poets from California.

JAMES McMICHAEL AND SUSAN DAVIS

WILL BE SHARING SOME OF THEIR POETRY WITH OUR OWN ISLAND POETS AND WRITERS ON

THURSDAY 10th MAY 2012. 8pm - 10.30pm.

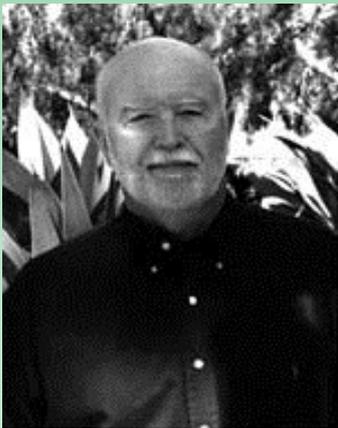
CASTLEKIRK ARTHOUSE, LOCHRANZA ISLE OF ARRAN KA278HL

ADMISSION IS FREE. REFRESHMENTS WILL BE ON SALE.

<http://www.castlekirkarran.co.uk>

Email: info@castlekirkarran.co.uk

Tel:01770830202



James McMichael born in Pasadena, California and received his Ph.D. at Stanford University. He is the author of *Capacity* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2006), a finalist for the 2006 National Book Award in Poetry; *The World at Large: New and Selected Poems* (1996); *Each in a Place Apart* (1994); *The Lover's Familiar* (1978); and *Four Good Things* (1980). About his book-length poem, *Four Good Things*, Robert Pinsky wrote: "One of the great American poems. Beautiful and profound, its subject is the modern conundrum of the human ability to plan, invent and construct, and the stifling, destructive consequences." McMichael was the 2007 recipient of the Academy of American Poets Fellowship. His other honors include a Eunice Tietjens Memorial Prize, a Guggenheim Fellowship, a Whiting Foundation Writer's Award, the Arthur O. Rense Prize from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and the Shelley Memorial Prize from the Poetry Society of America.



Susan Davis's poetry reflects a birth in Louisiana, a childhood in upstate New York and stints in the giant states of Texas and Alaska. She now resides in California with her husband and directs undergraduate creative writing at University of California, Irvine. Her poem "The Season Begins in a Waiting Room" was chosen for the 2010 Rebecca Lard Poetry Award, and the poem "Farm Days" was installed on wind screens at the Lake June transit station in Dallas in November of 2010. She is the mother of two daughters. Susan Davis' book 'I was building up to something' has the indelible yet understated quality of certain great photographs. Sharp edges of narrative, clarity of emotion, distinct images in declarative sentences, the velvet, gradated shadows of loss, unpredictable rhythms of violence and tenderness in country life and family life: from the precisions of that exacting surface rise the mysteries of life itself, caught in the trigger-slices of these urgent, concentrated poems. – Robert Pinsky